عربي- إنجليزي

القَصَصُ القُرْآنِيّ

أَصْحَابُ الْجَنَّةِ

The owners of the Garden

عربي - إنجليزي

القصص القرآني

أصحاب الجنة

The owners of the Garden

تأليف: محمد المطارقي

رسوم: محمد نبيل

تدقيق: قسم اللغة بالدار

ترجمة: لمياء الغريب

إشراف فني وجرافيك: سمر قناوي

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أصحاب الجنة

تأليف/ محمد المطارقي، ـ الجيزة

شركة ينابيع، ٢٠١٨

ص؛سم ـ (القصص القرآني)

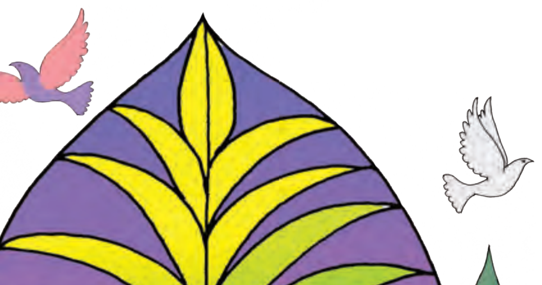
تدمك: ٤٧٩٢ ٤٩٨ ٩٧٧ ٩٧٨

١-قصص القرآن

٢- قصص الأطفال

أ- العنوان: ١١ش الطوبجي-الدقي-الجيزة

رقم الإيداع: ٣٨٨٠/ ٢٠١٨

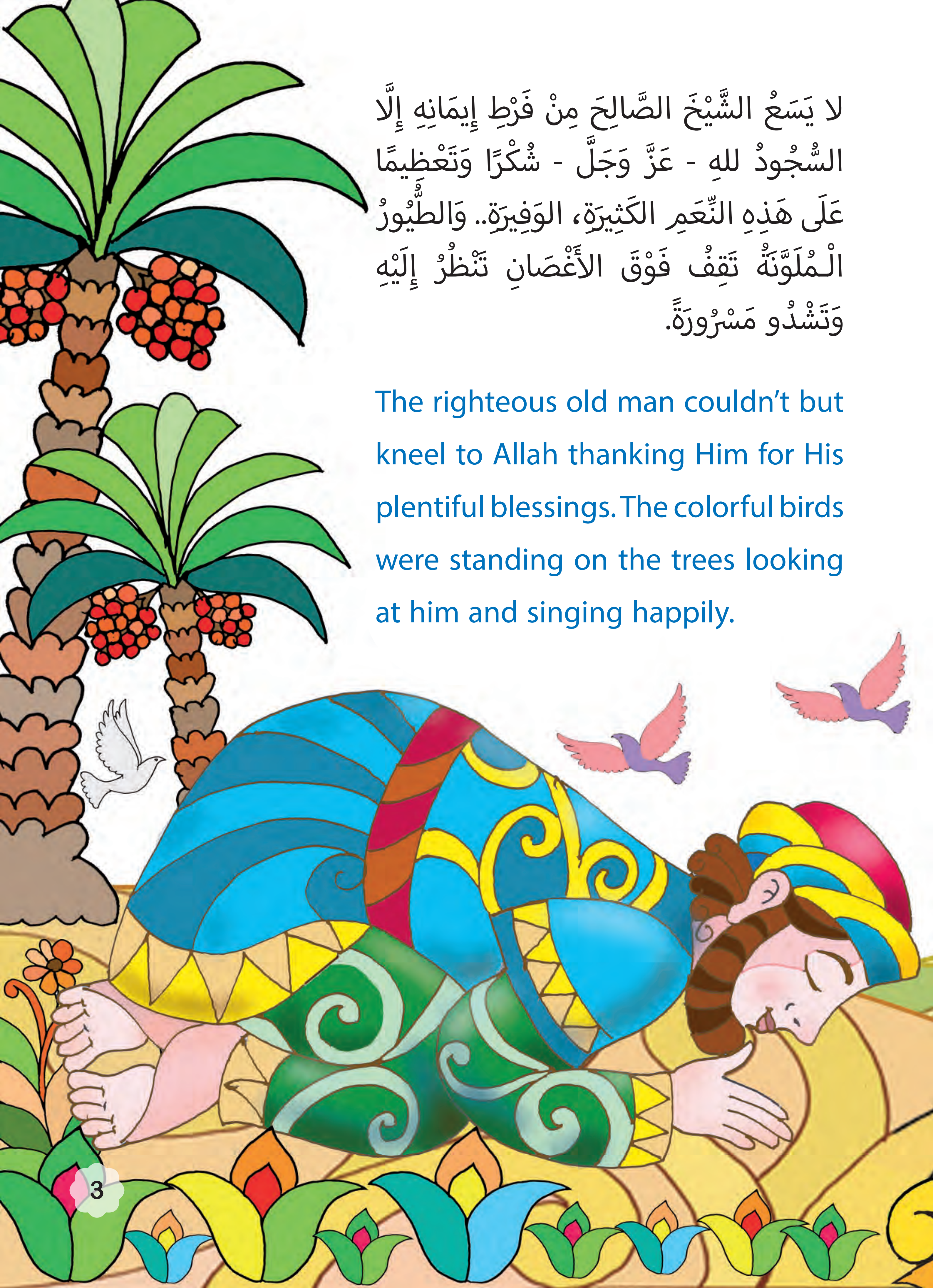


أَحَسَّ الرَّجُلُ الصَّالِحُ أَنَّ نِعَمَ اللهِ عَلَيْهِ كَثِيرَةٌ وَعَظِيمَةٌ، هَا هِيَ الشَّمْسُ فِي الأُفُقِ البَعِيدِ تُرْسِلُ أَشِعَّتَهَا الدَّافِئَةَ إِلَى الأَشْجَارِ فَتَمُدُّهَا بِالقُوَّةِ وَالنَّشَاطِ، وَالطُّيُورُ الْـمُلَوَّنَةُ تُغَرِّدُ بِالحَمْدِ وَالثَّنَاءِ للهِ.

The righteous old man looked around him. He could see the great blessings of Allah; the far sun was sending its warm rays to the green trees making them full of life and vividness and the colorful birds were singing sweetly thanking Allah for His blessings.

لا يَسَعُ الشَّيْخَ الصَّالِحَ مِنْ فَرْطِ إِيمَانِهِ إِلَّا السُّجُودُ للهِ - عَزَّ وَجَلَّ - شُكْرًا وَتَعْظِيمًا عَلَى هَذِهِ النِّعَمِ الكَثِيرَةِ، الوَفِيرَةِ.. وَالطُّيُورُ الْـمُلَوَّنَةُ تَقِفُ فَوْقَ الأَغْصَانِ تَنْظُرُ إِلَيْهِ وَتَشْدُو مَسْرُورَةً.

The righteous old man couldn't but kneel to Allah thanking Him for His plentiful blessings. The colorful birds were standing on the trees looking at him and singing happily.



أَبْنَاءُ الشَّيْخِ الْـخَمْسَةُ يَجْمَعُونَ الثِّمَارَ، وَالشَّيْخُ يَقُومُ بِوَضْعِ أَحْسَنِهَا وَأَنْضَجِهَا فِي الـمِكْتَلِ الكَبِيرِ.. وَهُوَ يَقُولُ: (هَذِهِ خَاصَّةٌ بِضُيُوفِ اللهِ).

Every year, the five sons of the righteous old man collected the fruits of their garden. The old man selected the best of them and the sweetest fruits and put them in a big basket saying, "Those fruits are for the guests of Allah."

أَبْوَابُ الْحَدِيقَةِ مَفْتُوحَةٌ عَلَى مِصْرَاعَيْهَا، وَالنَّاسُ الْفُقَرَاءُ يَهِلُّونَ، وَيَدْخُلُونَ الْبُسْتَانَ وَوُجُوهُهُمْ تَبْتَسِمُ فِي سَعَادَةٍ.. الشَّيْخُ الصَّالِحُ يَسْتَقْبِلُهُمْ بِحَفَاوَةٍ، يُجْلِسُهُمْ فِي ظِلِّ الأَشْجَارِ يَنْتَظِرُونَ.

The doors of the garden were widely open, poor people came in smiling happily. The righteous old man received them warmly and made them wait in the shade of the trees.

النَّاسُ الْفُقَرَاءُ يَنْظُرُونَ إِلَى الشَّيْخِ الصَّالِحِ وَإِلَى ثِمَارِهِ النَّاضِجَةِ الَّتِي يَسِيلُ لَهَا اللُّعَابُ، يَدْعُونَ اللهَ مِنْ قُلُوبِهِمْ أَنْ يَزِيدَهُ مِنَ الخَيْرِ، وَيُبَارِكَ لَهُ فِي الْبُسْتَانِ.

The poor people looked at the delicious ripen fruits of the good old man and they asked Allah to give him more and more of His blessings.

أَشَارَ الشَّيْخُ الصَّالِحُ إِلَى الْفُقَرَاءِ وَالْـمَسَاكِينِ، بَعْدَ أَنْ فَرَغَ الأَبْنَاءُ مِنْ جَمْعِ الثِّمَارِ، وَقَالَ لَهُمْ فِي حُنُوٍّ: هَا هُوَ ذَا نَصِيبُكُمْ مِنَ الثِّمَارِ. قَالُوا لَهُ: أَنْتَ رَجُلٌ صَالِحٌ، كَرِيمٌ.

After his sons had finished collecting the fruits, the righteous old man kindly gave the poor people their share. They told him that he was really a good generous man.

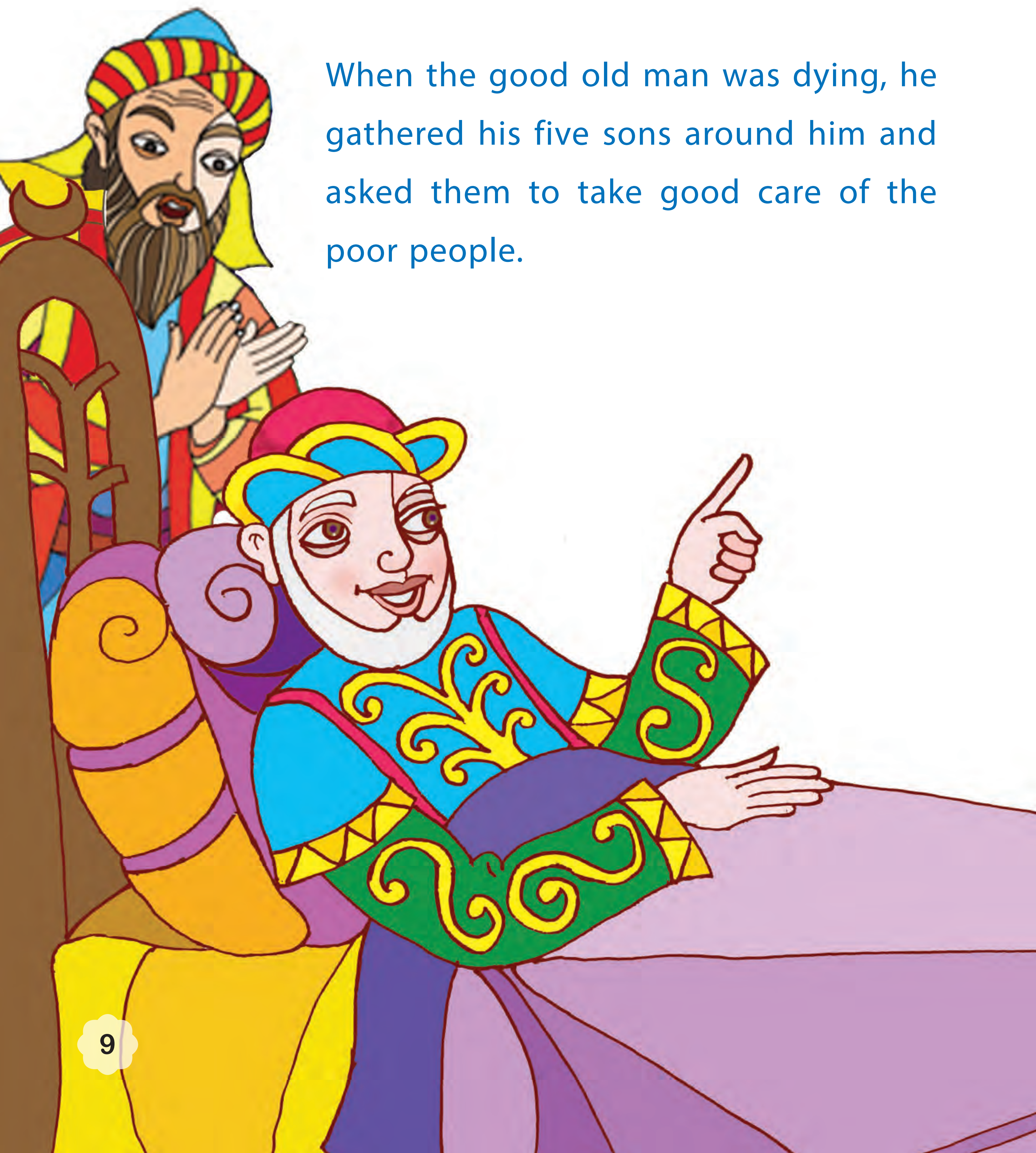
تَبادَلَ الأَبْنَاءُ نَظَرَاتِ الغَيْظِ وَالغَضَبِ، قَالَ أَبُوهُمْ : لِـمَاذَا تَتَضَايَقُونَ يَا أَبْنَائِي، إِنَّ اللهَ - تَعَالَى - يَرْزُقُنَا، وَقَدْ فَرَضَ عَلَيْنَا حَقًّا لِـهَؤُلاءِ الْـمَسَاكِينِ، لا بُدَّ أَنْ يَصِلَ إِلَيْهِمْ حَتَّى يَرْضَى اللهُ عَنَّا.

His sons exchanged angry looks. “Why are you angry?” Their father asked them.

“Allah has given us all these blessings and He has ordered us to give a part of them to the poor so that he would be pleased with us” He said to them.

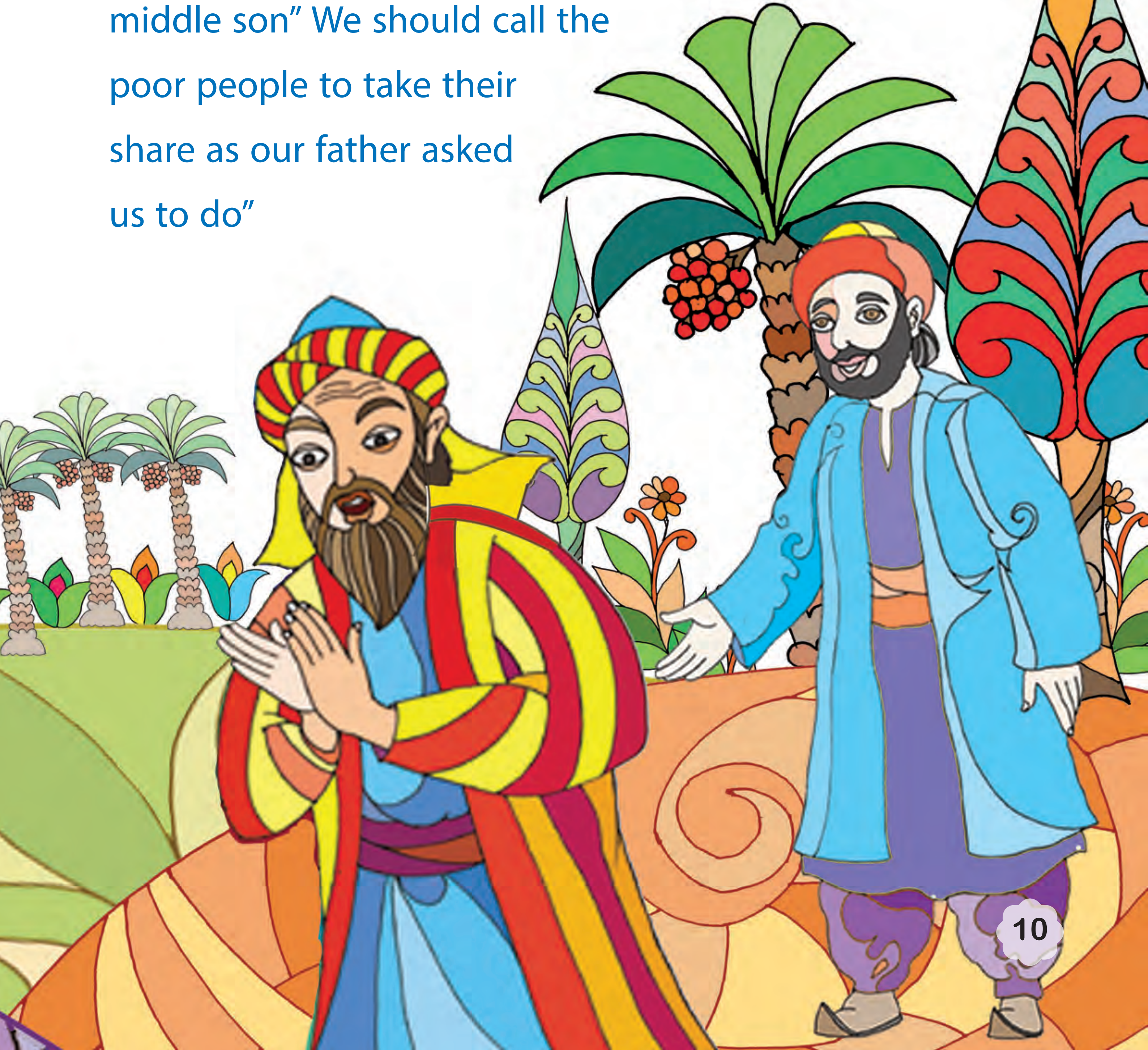
كَانَ الشَّيْخُ الصَّالِحُ عَلَى فِرَاشِ الـمَوْتِ، يَجُودُ بِأَنْفَاسِهِ الأَخِيرَةِ، وَقَدْ جَمَعَ أَوْلادَهُ الْخَمْسَةَ مِنْ حَوْلِهِ، وَرَاحَ يُوصِيهِمْ بِالْفُقَرَاءِ خَيْرًا.

When the good old man was dying, he gathered his five sons around him and asked them to take good care of the poor people.



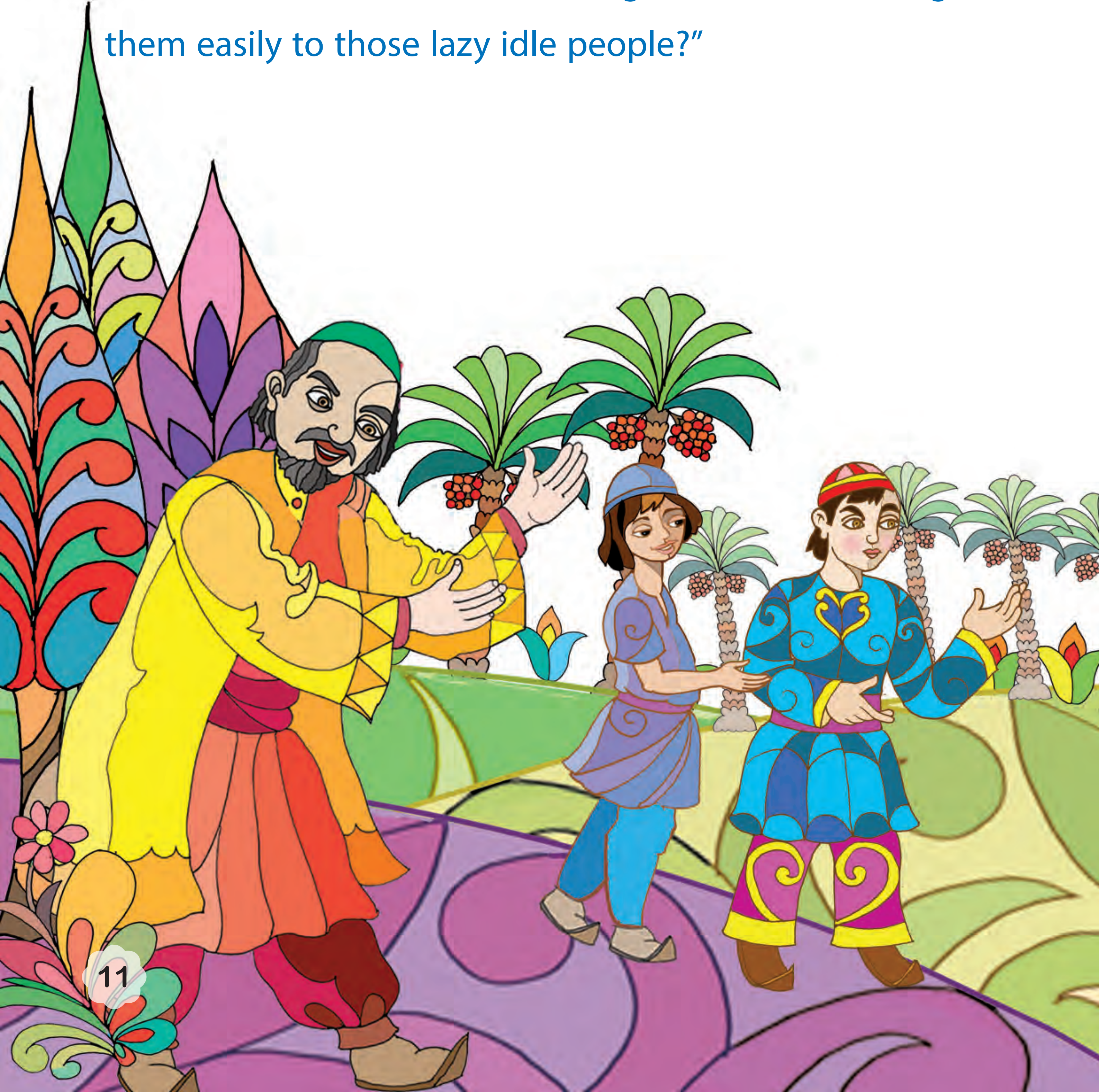
مَرَّ العَامُ، وَتَهَيَّأَ الْبُسْتَانُ لِطَرْحِ الثِّمَارِ.. نَظَرَ الأَبْنَاءُ إِلَى جَمَالِ الْبُسْتَانِ وَرَوْعَتِهِ، وَقَالَ أَوْسَطُهُمْ: إِنَّ الثِّمَارَ كَثِيرَةٌ جِدًّا فِي هَذِهِ الـمَرَّةِ، عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نَسْتَعِدَّ لِدَعْوَةِ الْفُقَرَاءِ كَمَا أَوْصَى وَالِدُنَا.

A year later, the fruits of the garden became ripen. The five sons looked at their marvelous garden with admiration. "There are a lot of fruits in the garden this year." Said the middle son" We should call the poor people to take their share as our father asked us to do"



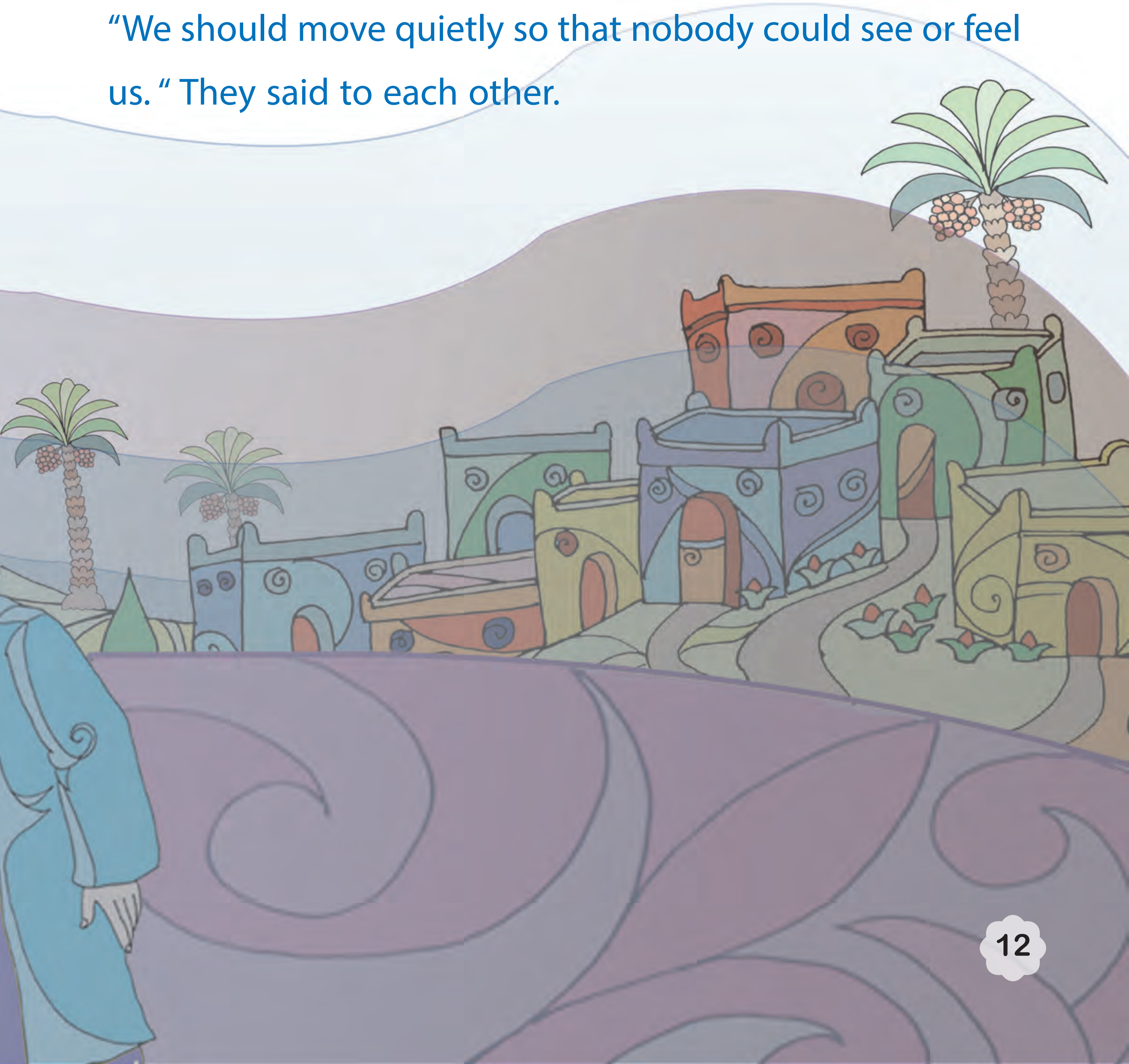
قَالُوا لَهُ فِي غَضَبٍ: هَلْ أَنْتَ مَجْنُونٌ؟! نَحْنُ الَّذِينَ تَعِبْنَا كَثِيرًا حَتَّى نَضَجَتِ الثِّمَارُ وَاسْتَوَتْ مِنْ عَرَقِ جُهْدِنَا وَكَدِّنَا، هَلْ نَمْنَحُهَا هَكَذَا بِبَسَاطَةٍ لِـهَؤُلاءِ الكَسَالَى العَاطِلِينَ؟!

"Are you mad? "They said to him angrily, "We have exerted a lot of effort for those fruits to grow. How can we give them easily to those lazy idle people?"



وَهَكَذَا أَجْمَعُوا أَمْرَهُمْ عَلَى الذِّهَابِ إِلَى الْحَدِيقَةِ لَيْلًا حَتَّى لا يَرَاهُمُ الْفُقَرَاءُ وَهُمْ يَجْمَعُونَ الثِّمَارَ. وَقَالُوا: عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نَتَسَلَّلَ فِي بُطْءٍ حَتَّى لا يَشْعُرَ بِنَا أَحَدٌ.

They all decided to go to the garden at night so that the poor people would not see them collecting the fruits. “We should move quietly so that nobody could see or feel us. “ They said to each other.



الْتَفَّ الجَمِيعُ بِالظَّلامِ.. كَانَ القَمَرُ مُخْتَفِيًا خَلْفَ كُتَلِ الظَّلامِ الدَّاكِنَةِ، وَالنُّجُومُ فِي السَّمَاءِ لَـمْ تَكُنْ تَلْمَعُ كَعَادَتِهَا كُلَّ لَيْلَةٍ.. مَشَى الأَبْنَاءُ الْخَمْسَةُ عَلَى أَطْرَافِ أَصَابِعِهِمْ مُحَاوِلِينَ أَلَّا يَرَاهُمْ أَحَدٌ.

They all walked in the darkness of the night. The moon light was hidden behind the dense night and the stars were not shining as usual. The five sons walked on tiptoes trying not to be seen by anybody.

هَا هُوَ السُّكُونُ يُخَيِّمُ عَلَى الشَّوَارِعِ وَالبُيُوتِ مُخْتَلِطًا بِظُلْمَةِ اللَّيْلِ..
وَلَكِنْ،
ـ أَيْنَ الْحَدِيقَةُ؟ هَلِ اخْتَفَتْ؟

Silence and darkness prevailed. But where was the garden? Did it disappear?

فَجْأَةً، أَصَابَتْهُمْ صَدْمَةٌ قَاسِيَةٌ.. كَانَتِ الْحَدِيقَةُ خَاوِيَةً عَلَى عُرُوشِهَا كَأَنَّ حَرِيقًا شَبَّ فِيهَا فَلَمْ يُبْقِ عَلَى شَيْءٍ.. تَكَوَّمَ الْأَبْنَاءُ الْخَمْسَةُ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ يَبْكُونَ، وَيَنْدَمُونَ.

Suddenly, they were shocked. The garden was wiped out as if it was eaten up by fire. The five sons fell to the ground crying with regret.

قَالُوا: إِنَّا لَضَالُّونَ، بَلْ نَحْنُ مَحْرُومُونَ.
قَالَ أَوْسَطُهُمْ: أَلَمْ أَقُلْ لَكُمْ لَوْلا تُسَبِّحُونَ اللهَ، وَتَتَذَكَّرُونَ نِعَمَهُ العَظِيمَةَ عَلَيْكُمْ.

"We have gone astray and we are deprived from the blessings of Allah" They said.

"Haven't I told you that we should not disobey Allah and we should appreciate His great blessings and thank Him for them?" The middle son said.